

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE NORTH

An Address to the Royal Canadian Institute, Toronto, on January 11, 1958, by R.A.J. Phillips, Chief of the Arctic Division, Department of Northern Affairs.

This is the first year of the interplanetary age. Perhaps many months will go by before the human citizens of this planet are cruising through outer space, an experience which I suspect will bear slight resemblance to those glorious safaris with which the younger comic readers are familiar. Probably it will become an extraordinarily dull trip, with long hours for idle contemplation.

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Whatever else it might yield to science, a trip like that could provide the traveller with a remarkable perspective of this globe. The glimpse of his receding home might convince him better than any geography teacher how much of the earth's surface was covered by water, or conversely; how little land there was to share.

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If his telescope were powerful enough, he might contemplate, too, how curiously that land was shared: the populous cities of Europe, the crowded Orient, the sparsely inhabited deserts and jungles, but, most surprising of all, the almost empty northern North America.

Surprising, because these are lands rich in the resources the world has need of, relatively accessible, with no barriers to man. Other northern regions on the planet had been developed, their riches mined, their seas and airways opened, their lands crossed by road and rail. Here, however, was perhaps the final anomaly in the planet's life: so precious a fraction of its mineral wealth left idle in a land which man had scarcely noticed.

This land, of course, is ours. This evening I invite your attention to it. We cannot yet view the Canadian north from outer space but I would like to suggest a new perspective which the opportunities and responsibilities of the twentieth century have opened to us -- down here.

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This land, of course, is ours. This evening I invite your attention to it. We cannot yet view the Canadian north from outer space but I would like to suggest a new perspective which the opportunities and responsibilities of the mid-twentieth century have opened to us -- down here.

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north as North Bay, and a town like Kapuskasing was on the very edge of the frontier. But that frontier has now been pushed back and there are more distant towns which true northerners still regard as the banana belt.

The definition of the north, which includes both Arctic and sub-Arctic, is Canada north of the sixtieth parallel. In the west that means the northern provincial boundary. In the east it cuts through northern Quebec, which not only includes some Sub-Arctic, but is also the homeland of a good many Eskimos. The north covers a million and a half square miles. It's a third of all Canada. The Northwest Territories and the Yukon are big enough to contain all of western Europe. Yet it is inhabited by only 30,000 persons, of whom the 11,000 Canadian Eskimos are but a minority.

Probably you have never been there. If you hear the word "north", you may have a vision of igloos, of the cold and barren land of the Eskimos, of perpetual ice and snow. That's partly true, but the coldest place in Canada is not in the Arctic any more than the southernmost places are the hottest. There is a town in the Northwest Territories which has known higher temperatures than southern Ontario. The north is not just igloos. It is rolling forests and clear blue lakes where people don't look for seals from an ice-flow but fish, or water ski, or swim. The north has prize gardens, delphiniums 7 ft. high, cabbages to compete in any Canadian fair. The north has modern schools and public buildings. The north has new housing in bustling communities. The north has mining; it's the land of gold and silver, zinc, tin, lead, iron, nickel, copper; name almost any mineral and you can find the deposit in the Canadian north. The north is not just the land of the rugged pioneer. It has become close to the heart of the tourist - not many so far - but in these jaded times it is entirely likely that the north will have a lure which will draw men from all corners of this continent in search of something new, and something adventurous.

That's a standard map of Canada. You've seen it a thousand times but where did your eyes light when you looked at it? Probably at Ottawa. Always we have looked at the south, that first 150 miles next of Canadians to the border where 80% still live, where most Canadian minds have dwelt.

It is lucky for us that the Canadian attitude is changing, for if it had persisted we might have lost a lot, not only to our pocket books, but to our national identity. There is one major fact of life which we should face and the consequences are a little staggering. We are a northern power, we are one of the world's two major northern powers. We own the resources that a million and a half square miles of ore-rich rock contain. We own the kind of wealth-only rather more - to which the Soviet Union has attached such importance in its north. The difference is that the Russians have long since developed their north far with roads and railways and ships which have opened the way to the use of the kind of natural resources we have not touched. Russia today would be a far less powerful nation, economically, politically, militarily, if it had not developed its northern reaches. In Canada, through the development of our northern resources, we too, can gain a national fulfilment.

Today we can afford time for only a very brief excursion into these possibilities. Here is the north separated by the tree line into Arctic and Sub-Arctic. You may wish to know, that your northern investment includes deposits of base metals at Pine Point which are among the largest and most valuable in the free world. You will begin to get returns on that investment and many others in the area as soon as a short railway link of only 400 miles is built from the end of steel into the Northwest Territories. There is now a road up to and around part of Great Slave Lake. And then there is the ancient river route of the Mackenzie, extremely important both to supply the communities of the Canadian northwest and to bring out the products which they produce.

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But that river route is frozen over, in part, for 8 months of the year. When year round economical transportation is available, names on the map, titles of long geological reports, esoteric names known only to mining men, all these will spring to life and become living prosperous communities contributing to the gross national product of Canada and to the standard of living of all us Canadians. Some of those names have sprung to life. The Yellowknife area has three major gold mines extracting ore of an extraordinarily high quality. There are all sorts of other known mineral deposits within reach of Great Slave Lake. Some of them have been known for years, have been extensively explored, claimed and staked, but the stakes lie bleaching in the northern winds until the means of transportation come. By a curious irony the rich ore of Yellowknife was apparently first noted by a group of prospectors who were on their way to the Klondike Gold Rush. They were delayed near Great Slave Lake, noticed the ore and ignored it in the search for the Klondike's elusive riches.

In the Klondike the riches proved much more elusive than in Yellowknife. There were fortunes to be made in 1898 but they were few. That gold rush did, however, open the Yukon and it stimulated interest in a land which became readily accessible through the turbulent rivers of time, through the narrow gauge railway built early in the century and through the road which it took a war-time emergency to construct. Through the vicissitudes of half a century the Yukon has grown and prospered. Even the gold mining continues there, not in the old romantic way, with picturesque miners and pans and saloons and dancing girls and paddle wheel steamers. Now gold, like all other mining is big business in the Yukon, though gold itself is not such big business as lead and zinc. Now the talk in Whitehorse is of oil; oil on the Peel Plateau, oil on the Eagle Plain. There's copper; and

asbestos is not far away. There are dreams, too, of staggering hydro developments bringing a quarter as much power as is now generated in all the rest of Canada. Some of the plans for mines, some of the hopes for power may be dreams. The Yukon has had disappointments in its dreams, but the disappointments have only been a matter of time. The real questions have never been "if"; they have only been "when".

For the Northwest Territories the question is only "when". Until last year the only mines in that vast metallic land were those which brought gold around Great Slave Lake and the enterprise to the North at Port Radium which became the world's third most important supplier of the raw materials for the newly awakened atomic age. This year North Rankin Nickel Mines opened on the west shore of Hudson Bay. This year men in Coppermine and the Dismal Lakes, men on southeastern Keewatin, on the islands off Quebec in Ungava and southern Baffin Island went their separate ways to bring closer, the day when other Arctic mines would begin to reap the mineral harvest from fields lain fallow since time began.

To give you a balanced report of the Canadian north as your investment I would have to devote most of my time to recording in detail the mineral developments, the mineral possibilities and the economic life of the most settled part of the land - Yukon and the Mackenzie Valley. And certainly at present, this is the most important part. It is where most of the population lies. This, too, is the area of greater political development; it is the settled land where the frontier even now is far away. I would like to talk to you about such towns as Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon, of Yellowknife, Fort Smith, of Aklavik. Perhaps especially of Aklavik, the Arctic town that's being moved across a Delta.

I would like to tell you something of the problems which have followed the decline of the fur trade in the lower Mackenzie River. A terrible plight has befallen the people who have watched the prices of

their pelts decline and are powerless to arrest their fall into economic insecurity and even poverty. These are the people who await most eagerly the development of the new resources. Their plight alone, quite apart from any economic return, makes this new mineral development urgent.

I would like to tell you about the new forest industries of the Northwest, of the commercial fisheries on Great Slave Lake which yield 1 1/2 million annual catch. I think you would be interested, too, in agriculture here beyond your thought of farms. There will never be waving wheat fields in the distant north, but in the Mackenzie Valley, and the Yukon, there are three or four million acres of arable land where there will be ranching, where there may be grain but where there certainly will be market gardens to supply a lot of the food that the growing new communities will need. The stories of construction, of road building, of dams, of prospecting - all these should be very much a part of the investors' report.

But now I am going to turn from all these and invite your attention to a more distant corner of your investment.

Here is the high Arctic: by definition, the land that has no trees. Rocky plains and a million lakes, high mountains, deep fiords, prairies without earth, tortuous rivers and open seas. This is the Arctic - the real unknown of our country - the Arctic of fear and beauty, of grey and white, of deep rich colour, of vast emptiness, and curious intimacy. The Arctic, most sparsely settled land on earth, where man and their homes are lost by nature, the elements and time. It's cold in winter, and lonely, and hopeless when the wind cries like the wolf, and the wolf cries like the wind. Then in summer the flowers and birds push aside the ice and snow, the waters are free, and men set forth in little boats and big ships.

Just 11,000 men live here. Until a few years ago almost all were Eskimos. Most are still. Most are still hunters, trappers who know and love this land and take its hardships as a fee for the privilege of living there. They stalk the seal and pursue the walrus in their kayaks as their fathers did before them. They are so few in so very much land; and they seem almost reluctant to intrude upon it. They have no permanent homes. Snow-houses, so precisely built in wintertime, melt when the sun comes high, and the water runs into the streams, and the streams run down to the sea. In summer they pitch their tents and move them to follow the animals which give them life.

Only the southerners have had the arrogance to build their houses upon the rock and to stand unmoved through the bitterness of winter and the release which summer brings. They didn't move for the seal; they didn't search for the walrus or the whale; they were independent of the caribou. They waited for the Eskimo to come to them and he did. The hunter changed his ways and in deference to the wishes of the white man he trapped the worthless fox and sold the skins for tea and tobacco to satisfy the whims of fashionable London and Paris. Inuk, the man, had once been independent; he was master of his land and of his destinies. He didn't always master nature: he starved, he sickened, he died in terrible agony. But through it all he was independent. Then came the white man. The trader changed the mighty hunter into a trapper following lines through snow blizzards -- the servant of the fox. In some ways things were better. He liked the tea and tobacco, his wife enjoyed the calico and thread, the kettle and the cooking pot. Gradually the old skin tent disappeared and canvas took its place. Inuk, the master of the Arctic, found himself not merely the servant of the fox but the victim of his own appetites. He could no longer live without store goods, and while the distant ladies wanted the fox, the

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was a warm, humid breeze. It felt like
 a giant hand reaching out to greet me. I took a deep
 breath, savoring the scent of tropical flowers and the
 salty tang of the ocean. The sun was shining
 brightly, casting a golden glow over everything.
 I walked towards the beach, my feet sinking into the
 soft, white sand. The waves were crashing against the
 shore, creating a rhythmic sound that was both
 soothing and invigorating. I closed my eyes and
 let the sun kiss my face. It felt like I had
 reached a new world, a place where time stood
 still. I was alone, yet I felt a sense of
 peace and belonging. The ocean was calling to
 me, and I knew I had to answer. I took a few
 steps into the water, feeling the coolness of the
 waves against my skin. The sun was still high
 in the sky, but the heat was not oppressive.
 It was just what I needed. I had been so
 stressed lately, and this was exactly what I
 needed to clear my mind. I walked further into
 the water, the waves lapping at my ankles. I
 felt a sense of freedom, a sense of release.
 The world was so beautiful, so full of life. I
 had found what I needed. I had found peace.

Eskimo could buy his needs. But they stopped wanting the fox. Its value fell, while his food and tobacco cost more. Now the Eskimo was yet another victim of the laws of supply and demand, of the vagaries of an economy which he could not begin to comprehend.

It wasn't only the trader who came--it was the missionary, the teacher, the administrator. The missionary brought Christianity, and love, and patience and understanding; he also brought a new element into the Eskimo life. To the Eskimo, friendship, help and guidance was symbolized by the little wooden church which took its place on the hill and by the bell which every Sunday morning brought its people to prayer. On Sunday mornings they would hear in the Eskimo language matins from the book of Common Prayer or the Latin Mass of the Roman Catholic faith. They might sing "From Greenlands Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand". Here were old Eskimos who once had listened to the words of the medicine man, and heard the tales of the Goddess of the Seas who caused the animals to come and go and who had to be propitiated. Perhaps for them the meaning of the new benedictions and absolutions was not entirely clear. Who knows in the days and nights which followed the Sunday service what reconciliations were made in troubled minds? An old hunter might still stand in the igloo with his drum of caribou skin and begin to chant from the Eskimos most ancient folklore - the drum dance.

This was conflict again in another sphere. The conflicts of the cultures of western Europe and of a Stone Age civilization has come before many times and in many places. There's always been one winner, but now in these enlightened days of the sociologists and anthropologists there are those who wonder if all Eskimo culture have to be discarded? Did the drum dance have to disappear, as indeed it almost has in the onrush of the new civilization? Not merely

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the civilization of jazz music and popular songs, but a peoples' culture has been disappearing under the weight of much more honourable but alien cultural traditions. Listen now to the Eskimo singing. She has taken a southern tune for her words. And so often, even the words in Eskimo are disappearing.

In the role of the administrator, there was again conflict; conflict with rooted social institutions. For a long time, and often still, the RCMP was both administrator and law officer. He too, in his way was sincere, tolerant, and sympathetic to family concepts and native ways and legal codes. In retrospect we can see that some of the conflict was necessary and that it was desirable that some of the old Eskimo ways had to disappear. If doctors could arrive to cure disease, if airplanes could drop food to starving settlements there was no need to keep the custom of infanticide, the ruthless attitudes to the aged and unproductive. The administrator, like the missionary and the trader, brought much good to the Eskimos. But he too swept all forward in his path, not always fully conscious that he was changing human lives and ancient human values.

Now perhaps more than ever, the Eskimos are in critical need of the help of other Canadians--not because they are dependents of children or wards. Neither literally nor legally nor actually are they any of these, but it is we who have taken away much from the Eskimo and it is we who must give them the opportunity to have back what still can be restored.

This is not sentimentality; it is not even our belated moral conscience. We need the Eskimos, and we need them now that we are moving into their land. Men are needed for the new developments in the Arctic--for transport, for mining and defence. It is easy to see who are the ablest men to run these enterprises: It is the men and women who for 4,000 years have adapted themselves to the

climate and to the environment. Now they need merely adapt themselves to our curious southern ways.

The development of the Arctic, then, means a crisis in Eskimo lives. But before we see more of the nature of that crisis it might be well to remind ourselves of how the development began.

What started this awakening of the north? Was it defence; the threat from the Pole? Did we have to wait for the Russians to set the pace of our national development northwards? The answer is no, on every count. Defence did not awaken the north, for the beginning of the awakening had come long before.

By the post-war years, and only then, Canada, the nation, was ready to take on the north. It had been explored by land and sea for 350 years. RCMP posts had been established. Each year the Eastern Arctic Patrol carried the flag, medical help and Canadian administration throughout the Eastern Arctic. Canadian sovereignty over all the lands to the Pole was long since established and everywhere recognized. All the north was photographed by air and mapped. Geological survey parties covered its entire extent from the limits of the Provinces to the farthest islands, The old ways and the new were symbolized by the meeting of the airplane and dog team. The dogs could cry in anger but they could not prevail against it. This was the preliminary to an economic development and to meet our social conscience schools opened, and nursing stations, and a new and more positive approach to the problems of the Eskimos and our responsibilities towards them. Long before the enterprises of these present years, Eskimos had become a part of the rest of us in curious new ways. The family allowance arrived in 1945. In the Arctic it meant far more, for this cash was a higher proportion of the Eskimos annual income than for almost any other Canadian. They received

other social services, and those with wages paid income taxes. Eskimos living within electoral districts in the west or in Quebec could vote. Then in 1953 the Parliament of Canada, by unanimous consent, passed "An Act respecting the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources", thus symbolizing the awakening responsibilities of the Canadian people and the beginning of a more positive national approach to the opportunities which lay so far from our southern fringe of settlement.

By now, of course, all Eskimos had met the newcomers from the south, however casually and briefly. Generally in the West the meeting has gone on much longer. There, Eskimos live on the fringe of the tree line near Aklavik in proximity both with Indians and with whites. They have taken wage employment for some time. In the eastern Arctic the fur trade was still entrenched and in the inland Keewatin District, to the west of Hudson Bay, lay the most primitive groups of all, groups which still followed the vanishing caribou, trapping much less, and seeing the white man only occasionally from year to year. All these differences in the stage of Eskimo development make it impossible to generalize on any Arctic problem.

The DEW Line was the first big project of wage employment within the reach of most Eskimos, and even though the number of men hired was not very large in terms of the total population, it was the suddenness of the change which caused such an impact. For those who chose to make the change there was help and guidance. Three years ago the Government appointed the first Northern Service Officers, dedicated men, some with long experience in the north, some with backgrounds of deep study in the ways of primitive peoples. They acted as a liaison between the Eskimos and the

employer, they ensured fair wages and working conditions and they gave advice to the Eskimos whenever it was asked for or required, advice on all sorts of personal problems as well as problems on the job.

Very few made the change with ease but there were not many who rejected the idea of change, once begun. They saw the problems. One of the most serious was the time clock. The idea of being the servant of the hands of a watch seemed as ridiculous to many Eskimos of our generation as running after the lowly white fox must have seemed to his ancestors. Both had their rewards, but these new rewards were more substantial. They were at last gaining something like an equal footing with the whites who had entered their lives.

In the long run, an equal footing means not just equal benefits but equal contributions. New skills were urgently needed to allow the Eskimo to play his part. And so this spring began the first large scale vocational training program. At Leduc about 30 Eskimos at a time are brought not just to a school for training in mechanical skills, but they come outside to a new world. This was the real introduction of the Eskimos to a country in whose destinies he had, for so long, been only a silent partner. For the fortunate people of Leduc it was an introduction to the Eskimos. The meeting went well on both sides and it has continued to go well. The meeting has also gone well in the north. Who will say that there is no racial prejudice at all, for narrow minds cross parallels of latitude as easily as the most tolerant. What can be said is that there is not racial discrimination and that there is a broad mutual acceptance: not just a tolerant acceptance but a friendly acceptance. We can never be smug about how our peoples get along but we can be pleased that strangeness has not bred hostility. In the rolling tundra of the Canadian Arctic there are no Little Rocks.

This new kind of life has found its fullest expression in Frobisher Bay. Three years ago where the town has arisen there was nothing but the hills and gravel slopes running down to the shore. An airfield which had been built during the war had little importance except as a link in military routes. In 1957 Frobisher became over-night one of the major airports of the world. The economic importance of the polar route between North America and Europe was realized by the major airlines, who also concluded that you don't make money out of flying gasoline. Frobisher Bay, is therefore becoming the main refuelling stop on these Arctic flights and as many as 100 planes have touched down or taken off from there in one day. Frobisher's importance has far ^{has} outreached its facilities. The airfield side still ~~the~~ wartime hangar and its tar-papered wooden buildings. The new life is being built. It began in 1954 as an administrative centre in the town three miles away, but the most ambitious building programmes started so recently, are now totally inadequate to the need. The interesting thing about Frobisher Bay is that this is not an Eskimo town, nor is it a white town, nor a commercial town, nor an administrative town. It is a mixed community, like any Canadian mixed community. In three years the population has grown from three to about 150 but this is just the start. We are now planning for a population of 4,000 in this community within five years. Here there will be new economic opportunities for Eskimos and southerners, not just in the big business of airlines of mining, but in the small business of retailing and trades.

The community, too, is the site of another important project, the Rehabilitation Centre. Here are Eskimos who have been discharged from hospitals, their cures as complete as medical science can devise, but they are unable to return to their former living on the land. Here they are among their own people, even if they cannot

live in their own people's way. They may not be entirely self-sufficient but that they will be encouraged in old crafts and learning new outlets for their energies.

I have been saying a good deal about these revolutionary changes in the Arctic but I have been speaking only about those who are permanently entering wage employment. So far, these are less than 15% of the population, and although the number is growing steadily and will grow rapidly as the mining begins production, the number of wage employees for the next generation is certainly going to be less than half the population. The rest still live on the land, though their ways too are changing. They have to change. The land will no longer support the growing population. That is the main reason why, whether we wish it or not, the way of the Eskimos must change. If some leave the land there will be a living, a decent living for those who remain. It may seem presumptuous of us to seek to help an Eskimo hunt his food, but even here we have a place. Wildlife surveys, new methods of hunting and equipment such as boats and rifles are a positive help in the search for economic security and a better living standard.

The role of Canadians today, at least as we see it, is to help the Eskimos in the inevitable readjustments to prevent exploitation and excesses, to guide without sapping a people's initiative, to lead without being paternal. We don't think that we can solve the Eskimos' problems any more than we have solved our own problems, but we do think that if the Eskimos were left alone to cope with the terrible forces now facing them they would suffer as much as any primitive people have ever suffered where a sophisticated civilization from afar has reached out to swallow them up. This, is not to happen in Canada.

This report on the high Arctic would be thoroughly unbalanced if I were merely to record for you some of the problems

and what Canada is doing to meet them. I should have to tell you also about the immensity of tasks scarcely begun. Probably the most immediate task is to cut down the terrible toll of disease, especially of tuberculosis. One Eskimo in every 10 has TB. If you asked me to name the three largest Eskimo communities in Canada I would have to include Mountain Sanatorium in Hamilton, Ontario.

There is despair and encouragement in these facts. Encouragement because now we care about the disease and Eskimos no longer die, forgotten, of consumption on the barrens. Despair because of what it means in human lives and because to some extent it should never have happened. It never would have happened if we Canadians had not ignored the Eskimos for years and generations. In those early days when we first went north to meet them, we brought our diseases to compound their own, we took their furs, we made our riches. We turned little back into the land. Disease grew and we ignored it. When, in the long depression we tightly clasped our pocket books, we turned our backs on the Eskimos because they could not speak with the voice which we would choose to hear. That callous decision cost a lot, and it will still cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to restore the health of this group to the national average. What it has cost in human suffering, much of it caused by us, I shall not attempt to assess. I doubt that any Canadians today are proud that the life expectancy of a group of their citizens has been about 30 years.

The network of nursing stations in the north is growing, but in so much space they seem so few. Twice in a month this summer there were epidemics, 1000 miles apart. These are more than medical problems. We often have to send in Welfare workers to pick up the threads. There is probably no group in our country outside the Eskimos which individually has such a need of the professional guidance that a trained social worker can give. Today in the nearly million square miles

of the Canadian Arctic there is one full-time social worker. In Ottawa there are three to meet tasks of caring for all the Eskimos scattered across the north and, perhaps even more time-consuming, for those who live in the artificiality of hospital life. They plan and operate a gradually growing welfare service.

I have mentioned schools in the Arctic, and here there has been real progress. Progress, because ten years ago in the Canadian Arctic there was not a single federal school. There was some teaching by missionaries who, supported by the government, gave loyal hours of instruction to their charges, but these were not professional teachers, they had many other commitments on their time. You might be interested in knowing the estimated literacy rate of this group of northern Canadians - it is 8%. This isn't a very happy record, especially when there are other Eskimos to our east, to our west and even to our north. In Greenland the literacy rate amongst the Eskimos is 100%. In Greenland now, there are 200 young people absent, for they are in Europe taking higher education. In Canada all the Eskimos who have ever achieved their senior matriculation could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

You can see the job and investment ahead of us, especially if you consider the objective which I think you will agree we must set ourselves. It is that the Eskimos shall have the same standards of health and of education as citizens anywhere else within our country, the same opportunities, the same responsibilities. The beginning of local leaderships has come in Eskimo councils. Here the initiative is being passed back to the people of the north who in town meetings discuss and decide much of their own affairs. From them will grow the true independence we expect to find of Canadians.

We hope that guidance will be temporary, but temporary for many means long years ahead. We have to be in touch periodically

with every Eskimo family, whether they live just down the street at Frobisher Bay or whether they are following a nomadic trail behind the wandering caribou in the wastes of Keewatin. For those still on the land we know that life can still be precarious and we dare not risk the possibility of disaster through starvation or disease. More than this, on the land we must take a positive role. We must introduce new outlets for energies and talents and seek means for fuller use of the Arctic's renewable resources, for the people cannot live by the present local food supply. One such outlet for Eskimo talents has been in art. Now Eskimo artists carving stone, earn nearly \$100,000 a year for their efforts. This is economically very important, though socially and psychologically it is perhaps even more significant. Here is a field in which the Eskimos have not only proved their equality with the white man but their immense superiority. Here is a place where they have made an impact such as they cannot understand in distant worlds to the south, east and the west.

There are other less artistic endeavours which are nevertheless important. There are tremendous resources of fish throughout the Arctic but tradition and prejudice and lack of proper equipment has led to striking under exploitation as food for men and dogs. Domestic animals from sheep and geese to more exotic species like yaks are being studied in the northern environment. There are other ideas such as the use of whale oil as a fuel instead of the expensive diesel oil which will always make the Eskimos on the land dependent upon the government and the white man. Methods are being developed for Eskimos to do their own tanning of seal skin and thus make a lasting art and a source of income out of the women's particular talents in sewing and needlework.

There is research on the eider duck which provides the best form of insulation in clothing and sleeping bags and comforters that

man has been able to devise. In parts of the Canadian Arctic there are more eider ducks than in Iceland, present source of our eiderdown. But the Eskimos had not been taught that it is far more valuable patiently to collect the down than to destroy the birds to gather their eggs or as a source of meat. If this important national resource is to be preserved every Eskimo over hundreds or even thousands of square miles must be taught the importance of the eider duck.

There are experiments in housing from buildings of rock to the newest plastic igloo. We know that wage employees can, if not now, at least eventually, afford to pay the same kind of money for comparable standards of housing as some of our labourers in the south. Those Eskimos who continue to live on the land however, are not likely to have the money to buy, build or rent houses of our pattern. The igloo is a brilliant architectural design but it is unhealthy. One can never raise the temperature in it above 30° or it will melt, the humidity is exceedingly high and contributes to the bronchial diseases so prevalent among the Eskimos.

I mention these new projects not to illustrate what has been done but to indicate the immensity of the task before us. The distances, the scattering of the Eskimo population, the nomadic nature of their existence all combine to make the task tremendously difficult. To initiate these projects, to develop them, to advise the individual Eskimos across 1,500 miles of the Arctic, to give the guidance in wage employment, to introduce a better life for those on the land: all these tasks and many more which I have not taken your time to enumerate are now occupying almost the full time and attention of nine officers in the Arctic.

There are many other things which these nine officers and those who support them in the south would like to do but there is a lesson we must learn from the Eskimos: that is patience. We are,

after all, compressing the experience and the growth of the centuries into a few years. We have already passed a great milestone, for we Canadians have realized our responsibilities and have just begun the task. There still remains a tremendous investment in time, in human energy and ingenuity, in patience and understanding, and in money before our task will be anything near complete.

I hope you will agree with me that this investment in our northern citizens, not only is well worth the effort, but cannot possibly be avoided.

Well, that's a bit of the story of the land you own. Some day I hope you will visit it. You will be more than fascinated, you will be moved beyond words by the immensity of its beauty. Somehow, there, the infinity of space gives man a sense of his proportion. The ice flecked seas, the rocks and skies reaching towards a world beyond, all make our work seem small and frail as the snow house when the summer sun is high. This is part of Canada's destiny. The investment for ourselves and future generations is not merely in the riches of the tundra but in its people - our people.

I like to close with the words of affection and faith of one of those people. He is speaking to a missionary of his native land.

"You have told me of the beauties of heaven. Tell me one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the muskox in summertime, where the mists rise over the hills, and the waters are very blue, and the loon cries very often? That is beautiful, and if heaven is still more beautiful, then I will be content to rest there until I am very old."

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PHILLIPS, R.A.J.

AUTHOR

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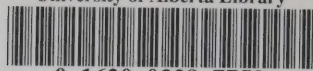
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